**To leave or stay? – that is the question**

When the man came back into the house, he was looking very worried. He said to

his wife:

‘You know, I think we no longer have a choice. It is time to leave.’

‘But where will we go?’ said his wife as she put a little more fuel on the fire.

‘I think we must head into the mountains tonight. If we can cross the border where

there are no guards, then maybe we’ll be ok.’

‘But what about mother?’ she said, nodding towards a tiny old woman sitting in the

corner near the fire. The old lady did not move but she had heard every word.

‘I cannot leave,’ she said quietly, ‘this is my country. I’ll die here.’

‘Don’t talk like that mother,’ said the wife, ‘we can’t leave you here. Think what could

happen.’

‘How can you even think of leaving?’ said the old lady pointing angrily at the man.

‘Your place is here, with your people.’

‘Who are my people?’ said the man. ‘I am a human being. Am I caged here like an

animal to die?’

‘Don’t we have a right to live, to work, to be happy?’ said his wife, taking her

mother’s hand. ‘Please come, how can I leave you?’

‘I would never hold you back,’ said the old woman. ‘Go if you must. I cannot leave.

You’re still young – you have a chance. Another country is no place for me.’

The younger woman looked back at her mother. She is a daughter.

She looked at her husband. She is a wife.

She is a human being. What should she do?